



The Gleaner.



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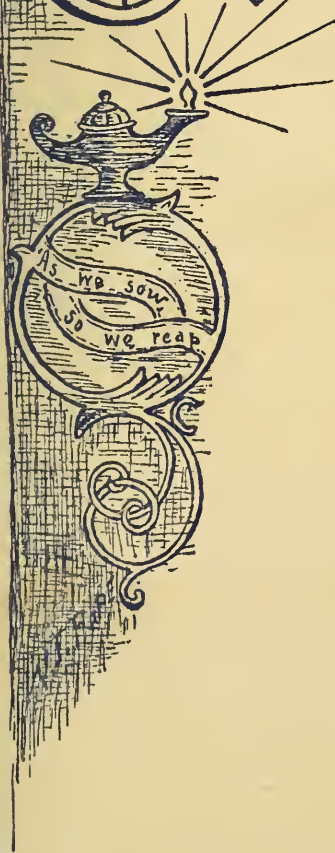
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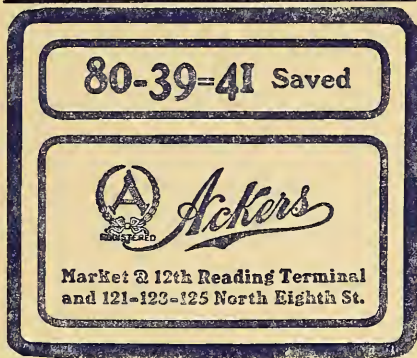


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The Gleaner

Vol. V.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 8

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EDITORIALS




Owing to the postponement of the Delancey and Central Manual games, we were forced to play our opening game on October 23.

This is a comparatively late date for an opening game, but we were forced to open our season then on account of a "string of hard luck."

The good practice afforded by the scrub team early in the season was sufficient to keep the men in good trim. Although it was our opening game, the team played with the same fire and dash that is characteristic of a Farm School eleven.

The new men showed up surprisingly well and the veterans lived up to their reputation. The team will be kept busy during November, playing such games as Central Manual, Drexel, Trenton High School, etc.

A hard game is expected with Central Manual; they have the best team in their history. Drexel is a new game and judging from reports emanating from that institution, a good game should be played.

 The Annual Succoth Pilgrimage will be celebrated on Thanksgiving Day, November 30. It will also be made the occasion of laying the corner stone of the new Dormitory Building.

An elaborate program has been prepared by the Literary Society for the celebration of Thanksgiving Day. It is an annual feature and is hailed with delight by the neighbors residing within a mile of the school.

PROGRAM:

Opening Address	Dr. J. H. Wasburn
Violin Solo	Chas. Horn, '06
Recitation	Louis Rock, '07
Piano Solo	Miss Jean Magill
Monologue	Chas. Horn, '06
Recitation	Louis Condor
Songs	Farm School Quartette
Duet, Piano and Violin	Miss Magill and C. Horn
Farce—"Who's Who or all in a Fog."	

Leaves from a Reporter's Note-Book

BY ELMORE I. LEE, '04.

(Concluded.)

"Hello! what are you doing there?" shouted a sepulcher-like voice from a corner of the cemetery, and Pearson, who had been arguing with himself whether to proceed or turn back looked up in amazement, his frame quivering from fear.

For the time being he was so frightened that he could not speak, but on feeling assured that the interrogation which had just fell upon his ears was not a mere concoction of his whirling brain which had been traveling at such an hallucinating gait, but a query from a man of flesh and blood, he regained his composure and managed to blurt out the object of his journey.

His interrogator, who was none other than the night watchman, had come up to him and listened to Pearson's story with impatience, and when the latter had finished emphatically told him that he was crazy and had better make for the lunatic asylum just as fast as his legs could carry him.

Pearson took in the situation at a glance and was furious with rage to think that he had been the subject of a practical joke and that his time had been wasted for nothing. Midnight was fast approaching so he wended his way down the gravel road and was fortunate enough to catch the last trolley back to the city. He had been made a fool of and felt like kicking himself for being so easy. But he would have revenge on his fellow associates. He

would get even some way. Then the thought of returning late to the office occupied his mind. Cramer would laugh at him should he make the excuse that his late reporting was caused by his going on a wild goose chase. No—that would not be an acceptable excuse, especially for an experienced reporter. Then there was the possibility of his losing his job. His copy should have been in on time and the two squibs that he had were unimportant. He must bring back a good story in order to clear himself, and mend matters. A brilliant thought flashed upon him. Why not write up a fake story? True, Cramer might suspect it was a fake and bounce him, but as things now stood he was liable to be presented with his walking papers, anyway. He resolved to write up the fake and take the consequences. Dame Fortune might take pity on him and throw things in his way, he mused.

The trip to the city was made in short order, at least the minutes passed quickly to Pearson, for he had been racking his brain scheming how to write up his fake story so that the fact construed would appear plausible and not far fetched. He had, decided to use the supposed graveyard tragedy which his friend Howley had so nicely devised, so that by the time he reached the *Times* office he had all the details cut and dried.

Bob Cramer was busy at the city desk with his blue pencil, correcting and killing copy which his reporters had gathered during the course of the evening. He looked up and scowled as Pearson entered.

"What's wrong, Pearson? It's after midnight. This is a nice hour to report."

"I was working a rattling good story," explained Pearson, "and was detained. The Oakland police got the news over the phone about eleven o'clock and I was lucky enough to be on hand at the time. A baker committed suicide on his wife's grave in the Laurel Hill Cemetery sometime during the evening. The watchman discovered the body and has placed it in the cemetery chapel until the morrow. There's a fine feature to it also."

Cramer had listened attentively to the voluntary recital and when he had finished called Joe Leary, a fellow reporter, and told him to call up the Oakland Station to see if there was anything in the Laurel Hill suicide story.

Pearson's heart was in his mouth and he was on the verge of breaking down and telling Cramer the whole truth. But he kept his composure and went to his desk. He knew that in a few moments his city editor would learn from Leary's lips that he,

Pearson, had been the inventor of a wicked lie and that the suicide story was a well concocted fake. Cramer could do no more than show him the door and bid him never to return. But it was the thought of being shamed before the small army of employees, many of them his comrades, of being pointed out as a dealer in the untruth, that would hurt the most. Yet it would serve him right, and he had made up his mind to stand the consequences.

* * * * *

Sergeant Coaxley was peacefully reposing in the arms of Morpheus when the telephone bell set up a lively racket.

"D—— that phone," he sputtered as he took off the receiver; "one can't get a moment's peace. Hello!" The last outburst in anger.

"Is that the Oakland Police Station?" said the voice.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Is there anything in the Laurel Hill suicide story?"

"D—— good story," vociferated the Sergeant, "best we've had for a long time."

There was no answer to this and Coaxley heard the receiver dangle on the hook then all was silence.

"That was that Howley again, I bet, joshing me about that graveyard story. I'm sorry I lent a hand in the d—— thing. Poor Pearson. I wonder how he made out. Ha! Ha! Beats all how these newspaper men ever hold on to their jobs."

* * * * *

Pearson was toying with his typewriter when Leary left the telephone booth. He listened earnestly to hear Leary deliver his death blow. But instead the former had informed Cramer that the suicide story was all right. He had nerved himself for the final sentence and he could not understand how the news had come back that the story was all correct. There had been a mistake made and in his favor. He was in a frenzy of feverish excitement when Cramer's voice rang out and allayed all his fears.

"Write up about a column on the suicide story and—let me see—why put a No. 2 head on it. Leave the other notes until last."

Pearson was overjoyed and set to work immediately. His notes were quickly arranged and in a jiffy his fingers were dancing over the lettered keys of his typewriter, rushing off page after page of matter of the sad tragedy that had occurred but a short time before within the solitude of Laurel Hill Cemetery.

It was with a thankful heart that Pearson wended his way homeward that morning. The experiences of that one night had

Life and Its Occurrences

SAM'L GOLDPHAN, '08.

Slowly, very slowly, Robert Morgan walked along the streets. He had come too soon; the play would not begin till eight o'clock. How slowly the time was passing. It was only six now, two whole hours yet remained for him to tramp the streets—two long weary hours.

It was a pleasant, spring evening. A light breeze fanned his cheeks and refreshed his spirits. As his spirits rose he quickened his pace and continued walking aimlessly about the principal thoroughfares of the city. All about him was bustle and excitement. He seemed to be moving in a world in which he had no existence. Everything appeared strange to him, even the advertising signs, which mechanically had no meaning for him. Suddenly his gaze was arrested by a large, flaring bill-board.

As he gazed at this a strange excitement took possession of him. His face became flushed, his hands began to play nervously with his cane, a cold shiver passed through his frame. There was no visible cause for his emotion, the bill-board merely announced that the renowned actress Mary Cornell will appear as leading lady in the "Grand Duke." He read these words again and again, as if they had some magic influence over him. It was a long time before he regained sufficient self-control to move from the spot. Then he continued his aimless stroll, only to return several times, almost unconsciously, and re-read those words.

Finally he almost ran away from that vicinity. He hurried along, not knowing whither, until he found himself in a park on the outskirts of the city. There he sat down to rest and think. It was perfectly quiet there. Even the trees refused to rustle their leaves, so as not to disturb his thoughts. As he fixed his gaze on the horizon, where the sun was just setting, he saw her in all her glory, the woman for whom he had come to the city, her whom he loved so passionately.

As children they had been neighbors and playmates, and had grown up together. Misfortune brought them into closer companionship and sympathy. When she lost her parents and he his, they became more closely attached to each other than ever. They shared each other's sorrows and joys, their smiles and their tears. And when the little Mary became a beautiful young woman and Robert an ambitious young man, the most natural thing in the world under the circumstances occurred. On a beautiful

summer day, in the midst of shadows of the woods and the music of the birds, he folded her in his arms, whispered love in her ears, and covered her cheeks with hot kisses.

Oh! how beautiful was their life after this! But it was of a short duration only. A dark cloud threatened their happiness, and finally tore the lovers apart. It was her talent, which was too great to be confined in their little village. So she went out into the world, to become great and famous, while he remained at home. How hard he worked by day, how earnestly he studied by night, that he might be worthy of her! When he heard how she was progressing, how she was winning the plaudits of the world and making a great name for herself, the fear, that she would soar so high above him, that he would lose her altogether, inspired him to still greater ambition to work that he might accomplish something himself; that his progress might keep pace with hers. But when she had reached the acme of fame, and her name was on everybody's lip, her society counted by the highest, he was still the same grinding humble Robert Morgan unknown outside his own little village. Still she of growing fame continued to write to him those letters of love that had passed between them so frequently in former days, while he, because of the consciousness of his own inferiority, imagined that she now wrote with an air of condescension which his pride refused to tolerate. Thereupon, he wrote her that she was at liberty to break the engagement and then left the village, that she might not be able to find him. He continued to toil and grind as industriously as before but without ambition. The only thing that kept him constantly at his work now was the desire to forget her.

Many years had passed and he succeeded to a large extent. But reading the announcement of her performance in the Grand Opera House all his old love came back to him, and although he called himself a fool he resolved to go to the performance.

The theatre was full of spectators, when Robert Morgan arrived. He found a place in some corner from where he could look around and not be seen by others. The play soon began. The great actress Mary Cornell entered the stage. She played with so much fervor that every spectator's heart was touched, and when the curtain fell Robert Morgan remained sitting in his seat as if in a trance. Suddenly he remembered where he was. His eyes were full of tears, he did not suspect to meet her in such glory. He ran from the theatre to the station to go home and bury the only thought which reminded him of his love.

The Poultry Industry

CHAS. NOBACK, '08.

The poultry industry is one of great importance to the United States. Some authorities who have made a study of it, place it as a leading one. Its financial value exceeds that of iron, grain, beef or dairy products. It has a large variety of products among which are eggs, roasters, broilers and squabs. An accurate estimate of its value cannot be given; because farmers, poultrymen, and others who raise poultry for private purposes use large quantities of its products of which no account is kept.

It has been stated that over 1,290,000,000 dozen eggs are yearly produced in the United States; which would mean 16½ dozen to each person a year. According to the census of 1890 there were 400,000,000 domesticated fowls in the United States. If each of these fowls were valued at fifty cents, we can readily see that, with eggs at fifteen cents a dozen, what a large amount of money poultry represents. This would be a very low estimate of poultry raised on farms only, not including that which is sold outside of the markets and used for home consumption.

Agricultural Colleges and Agricultural Experiment Stations are now attracted by the importance and vastness of the poultry business, and are offering aid to those who are interested in poultry. They are experimenting with different grains and combinations of grain to find which are the cheapest and most profitable for meat and egg production. They are also testing the separate breeds for different purposes.

Nearly every well prepared meal has some product of the poultry industry, at least the egg. What a treat we would miss if we could not have some of the cake or desserts that need the egg in their make up. What would the housewife do without the egg? It is a very important article to her.

The food value of the egg is very great. It is cheaper than it seems to be; because it has no waste to be paid for, as meat or vegetables have. The waste is practically nothing. The egg is a storehouse of nutrition for the embryo. Many physicians prescribe it on account of its being very rich in protein and fat, and is very easily digested. Four eggs have the same food value as one pound of sirloin steak. To some this may seem impossible, but when we consider the waste, as bone and fat in meat, we can easily see that this is true.

There is room for more poultry plants or farms and the market cannot be overstocked with poultry products. There is always a great demand in our large cities for fresh eggs and tender chicken.

 Notes by the Way 

SEEN AND HEARD BY AN ALUMNUS.

THE MANAGER.

(Concluded)

The Manager found himself in uncongenial company. He was accustomed to associate with high and full spirited fellows, and as for the members of the Excelsior Gayety Company, if ever there existed a broken down, dispirited set of fellows, here were samples of such. The females were old, unlovely and shrill of voice; and the males sallow-faced, emaciated and unshaven. But The Manager soon learned to discover and cultivate the better nature of these poor public clowns, and he made himself uniformly agreeable to all.

With characteristic energy he made arrangements to move on to Howell, where a county fair was scheduled to begin within two days. The baggage was loaded in the car during the day by a number of farmers, and the company awaited darkness before boarding their coaches preparatory to leaving for Howell. Why this precaution was necessary was due to the enmity of the people of the town whose inhospitality they vowed never to forget. Just the same a crowd of hoodlums gathered to bid farewell to the company, the members of which were quite grateful for the shelter the railway coach afforded them from the too strenuous farewell of the burghers, whose only visible means of support seemed to be swapping lies, drinking booze and engaging in just this sort of bucolic fun.

Upon arriving at the fair grounds in Howell, they pitched their tent and awaited the onslaught of the crowd. But their hope did not materialize. It rained, rained and rained the first three days, but the fourth opened bright and clear with the sun shining, which reflected some of its cheer upon their fast drooping spirits.

Most of us, I trust, have at least, once in our lives attended a county fair. When this great duty has been discharged, it will not be necessary to do so again. Once in a generation is sufficient. It is a place where money parts fools' company, only to find itself in much worse company—gamblers. Now, the scene in the vicinity of the company's tent at the time specified was typical of all enterprises similar to this one—country youths, wide eyed and freckled

faced, and munching peanuts or candy, stared with admiration at the handsome Manager, who with eloquent word and gesture was inviting every man, woman and child to step up and purchase a ticket. Then there was the unvarnished farmer, smooth shaven, except for a Horace Greeley fringe hiding an ancient necktie, red cheeked as an apple, and dressed in his best store clothes. His good spouse trotted meekly by his side when he was seen to stride off in the direction of the cattle and hog sheds. In short, the scene was enough to inspire the heart of any manager, and the cry which The Manager gave vent to, was sufficient to attract the least curious fair-goer. Here is a sample:

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Kindly give me your close attention. Step nearer please. Step forward, so those in the outskirts may hear as well as those close to my voice. I desire to state that you see before you the members of the famous and well known Excelsior Gayety Company, and that you will hear and see things seldom heard and seen since mankind played a part in the world's history. Lose no time in seeing it (an unconscious pun). It is the chance of a lifetime."

Then followed an extravagant introduction of the several members of the company, who bowed and smiled in a weary sort of way. Following this the crowd was treated to some musical numbers by the company's own orchestra which consisted of a snare drum, a number of tambourines and a church organ. Some of the pieces rendered were certainly inspiring. An old farmer made the statement that he could commit murder with a clear conscience after hearing such inspiring music. But this is meant as a recorded impression, not as criticism. Then The Manager would chime in with this tune:

"This way, ladies and gentlemen, for the great open-air exhibition. For the small sum of ten cents you will behold marvels of nature such as can be seen nowhere else. Don't crowd. Take your time. Have your change ready. This way for the entrance. It will cost you only ten cents, one dime, one-tenth of a dollar."

They made out fairly well that day. The next it rained, the fair was over and the company must needs move on.

In selecting Mason as the next place in which to cajole the bright dimes from the unwary farmers, the same considerations prompted The Manager—the existence of a county fair. But he reaped a slim harvest in Mason for nature took a hand and sheltered the children most close to her. And it rained and poured. The

fair was a total failure, or nearly so, for the sale of concessions netted the fair management considerable. But we are concerned chiefly with the affairs of The Manager, who, I might say, bore all these trials and tribulations with great dignity and forbearance. It would have been equal to witnessing a comic opera to have seen with what courtly dignity he treated the men of the company with rank cigars, acting as though the price for same was of no moment to him. He did not know what a change of linen looked like, and it was whispered among the feminine members of the company, that he was sockless, even like the lamented Jerry Simpson of Kansas. One of them, bolder than the others, asked whether it was true he was sockless, and whether he would kindly hoist his trousers slightly so as to convince herself of the truth or falsity of the report. In answer, The Manager gently hinted that she be kind enough to hoist her dress sufficiently to convince him of the true color of her hose.

From Mason it was decided to journey to Charlotte. It took every available cent to send the female contingent of the company by rail, and the men decided to count the railroad ties. They were not inexperienced. The Manager swears that the distance was thirty-eight miles, and that their pilgrimage lasted from Saturday 2 a. m., until Sunday 6.30 p. m. These figures have their own mouthpiece. It might be said in passing, that the darkies were not "in it" in comparison to the hungry bunch in the matter of disturbing chicken roosts and fruit trees. They had a number of narrow escapes; but finally arrived safely and footsore in Charlotte Sunday evening.

Monday morning found The Manager refreshed and ready for business. But serious trouble was in store for him. The company as a whole was ugly and demanded back pay, which it was impossible to grant, and they knew it. They did not particularly blame The Manager; in fact, they did not know whom to blame. So they just "struck."

The Manager decided it was about time he too struck—for shorter hours. It was fully a week after the above decision when he was again seen among his favorite haunts in his beloved city, where his old-time cheer and congeniality soon asserted itself.

ALUMNUS.

Teacher—Johnny, where do we find food for thought?

Johnny—On the multiplication table.

❁ HIT OR MISS ❁

MARCUS LEON, '07, EDITOR.

Dobrin, '09—I hear that Brown is going on the stage.
Neustadt, '06—Has he joined the Driver's Union?

Goldphan, '08, believes that by feeding our cows milkweeds,
the flow of milk might be increased.

Magistrate—I am shocked to hear that you attempted to
steal trolley wire.

Prisoner—So was I, judge.

Ostrolenk, '06 (seriously)—Say; but baseball is greatly in-
fluenced by literature.

Feinberg, '07 (unimpressed by the remark)—How's that?

Ostrolenk, '06 (explaining)—Why at the game I attended last
Saturday, Flannigan hit a long drive past second, and as he reached
third base, the crowd began to roar—Homer—Homer—Homer.

The fall season generally begins when the pavements get icy.

Wiseman, '07—Professor, do you not think it would pay to
spread some flour around our nut trees?

Prof. Bishop (surprisingly)—Why, so?

Wiseman, '07—Why, then, they would be most likely to bear
doughnuts.

Boozy Bill (N. F., '08),
Coming down the hill,
With a bucket of milk in his hand;
Over a stone he did stumble,
And the milk he did fumble,
While he on the ground did land.

Brown, '07 (in poultry class)—Do you not think, Professor,
that by giving my hens a little fertilizer, I would be safe in receiving
fertilized eggs?

Prof. Bishop (jeeringly)—H—h'm.

ATHLETICS

ABE MILLER, '07, EDITOR.

Farm School 5, Delancey 12.

In the opening game of the season Farm School tasted defeat, for the first time in years, at the hands of the Delancey School Football Team, on Tioga Field.

It was a hotly contested battle and both sides played good ball. Farm School had the best of the argument up to within six minutes of the end of the game, when the effect of hard plunging and consistent work of our line began to assert itself and Delancey were enabled to run off two touchdowns in short order.

In the first half Farm School gained 105 yards and Delancey gained 37. In the second half Delancey gained 102 and Farm School gained 97.

Delancey received the kickoff and advanced the ball by short gains through the line to our 35 yard line; here Farm School held them for downs, and on the first play Condor went around end for 20 yards, Feinberg through tackle and end for first down, and Horn and Krinzman then made first down between them. Feinberg then tried tackle again for 3 yards and Miller went around end for remainder. Farm School march for goal was, however, soon checked. Krinzman tried a field goal from 45 yard line, but the ball fell short and after a few more plays, half ended 0—0.

Second half Farm School received kick-off and through the good work of Krinzman, Feinberg and Horn, Krinzman went over for a touchdown. He failed to kick goal. Score—Farm School 5, Delancey 0.

With six minutes to play, Delancey backs began a fusillade of rushes on our line and as a result a touchdown was made in three minutes. Score—Delancey 6, Farm School 5. Farm School received kickoff and immediately were held for downs. Delancey received the ball and on the first play W. Smith broke through for a touchdown. Goal was kicked. Score—Delancey 12, Farm School 5.

The feature of the game was the playing of the whole Delancey team in the last few minutes of play. The playing was so fierce that a few of our men were injured. Neustadt was put out of the game for a few weeks and I. Horn, for the rest of the season. For

Farm School Captain Krinzman, Condor and Feinberg excelled, while Captain Smith, Langsdorf, W. Smith and Gallagher played well for Delancey.

LINEUP:

<i>Farm School.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Delancey.</i>
Condor	Left End	Fox
Shansky	Left Tackle	W. Smith
Dobrin	Left Guard	Donnelly (Maderia)
Frank	Center	Page
Ostrolenk	Right Guard	Brock
Leon	Right Tackle	Hutchison
Miller	Right End	Atkinson
Neustadt	Quarter Back	Tucker
Feinberg	Left Half Back	Gallagher
I. Horn	Right Half Back	Langsdorf
Krinzman	Full Back	A. Smith

Farm School was severely handicapped by the loss of her star tackle, Chodos, who was laid up with a sprained ankle.

N. F. S. 12, U. of P. Veterinary Department 0.

October 27 Farm School met the strong U. of P. team—three days after the Delancey game. The game was played at the Doylestown A. A. Park with a large crowd in attendance. All the students turned out to cheer the players, with songs and yells.

The Doylestown visitors greatly enjoyed the game, for this being the first real game many have ever seen, and the songs and yells by the students were applauded, as were the brilliant plays made by both teams. Owing to the injuries received in the Delancey game—I. Horn, D. Neustadt, and B. Chodos, the big tackle, were not in the game.

Before the game began the two teams practiced by themselves in different parts of the field. Both teams appeared lively and worked with a will. The Penn team seemed probably from five to ten pounds the heavier. Each team showed a vim and a zest in its work. But, while the Farm School worked in unison and got off together, the Penn players worked arduously but individually. They lacked effective team work. Penn played a good offensive game while they had the ball. Farm School could not stop their impetuous line rushes. After Penn brought the ball to midfield she lost the ball on downs.

Farm School began line rushes and end runs which Penn was unable to check.

The game started with Farm School kicking off to Penn; Penn rushed the ball back to the center of the field by line plays, where they were held for downs. Condor received the ball for Farm School, and carried it 17 yards around end. Feinberg on the next play took it five yards, Krinzman tried a place kick but failed. A touchback was made. Penn kicked out from the 25 yard line and the ball was carried back 10 yards. Feinberg carried the ball 30 yards where he was downed by Penn quarterback. On the next play Miller took the ball for 10 yards around end on a fake play. Krinzman succeeded in going through center for 12 yards and placed the ball between the goal posts, and kicked goal. Penn kicked to Farm School and the first half ended. Score, 6—0.

Penn kicked to Farm School. Rudley received the ball and carried it back 15 yards, here Feinberg made another 30 yard run around right end. After a few line plunges Krinzman netted the second touchdown. Score, 12—0.

Time was called after goal kicked.

<i>N. F. S.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>U. of P.</i>
Condor	Left End	State
Shansky	Left Tackle	Yunker
Dobron	Left Guard	Engel
Frank	Center	Wagner
Ostrolenk	Right Guard	Fox
Leon	Right Tackle	Guilfoyle
Miller	Right End	Acosta
Rudley	Quarter Back	(Capt.) Webb
Feinberg.	Left Half Back	Flager
Orcutt	Right Half Back	Wilkenson
Krinzman (Capt.).	Full Back	Schwartz

❁ Class, Club and School Notes ❁

LOUIS ROCK, '07, EDITOR.

It was not at all a surprise to the students, a few days after school had begun, when they were told to put their books away for a while and give their minds a rest. They had expected it.

In an institution like this and among farmers in general, there comes a time when certain work must be done away with, in order to accomplish other work which is more important. Such was the case here. And when the sorrowful tidings first "floated" around and the old reliable yell, "All Aboard for the Cornfield," was heard, a mark of discontent could at once be noticed on the countenance of every student.

Even among those who have expressed themselves as non-lovers of studies, there were signs of dissatisfaction. But it was a necessity and we had to do it in order to make things run smooth. The greater part of the work is now over and school has again reopened. It is hoped that the work will no longer interfere with our studies so that we may be well able to take advantage of the lessons that will be taught us during this term.

The course of study as usual will be divided into two periods. The Seniors and Juniors work in the morning and study in the afternoon, while the Sophomores and Freshmen study in the morning and work in the afternoon. This is a very good idea for it enables us to have things done during both sessions and, furthermore, does not keep the teachers so extensively busy. As a whole the list of studies assigned for this year is a very excellent one and if the students will take advantage of it by spending a few hours daily, they will be the ones to profit by it.

Literary Society

During the hot summer days while the boys were busily engaged in agricultural work, there was little occasion for them to read. Having worked all day long they were rather exhausted and soon retired. Thus there was no need for the library to be open so often and have the man in charge of it wait patiently for some one to enter and issue but a few books. Now the matter is to be judged from an entirely different point of view.

Since the school has opened and the working hours are not so long, there is more opportunity for the boys to read. Now and then you could find a number of students in the library deeply absorbed in perusing some newspapers and magazines, thus receiving information on the line of work that they are to perform in the Literary Society.

The meetings had so far proved to be quite a success. Every student enters the room with the intention of learning something and no disorder of any kind prevails. The boys seem to prepare their part well and although some of the members do not make such a good showing as is expected of them, still there are good chances for improvements. The society will try to keep in close touch with other societies of the kind, thereby receiving a great deal of information of which we would otherwise be entirely ignorant. With all these improvements and encouragements the prospects for the Literary Society meetings during the coming winter are very bright.

At a recent meeting a motion was made to have a Thanksgiving program. This was met with the approval of the students and a pleasant evening is anticipated. Last year we were very unfortunate in failing to carry out this plan due to the lack of enthusiasm. This year under the management of the committee of seven appointed by President Condor, namely, J. Norvic, B. Ostrolenk, I. Stern, C. Horn, Feinberg, B. Klein, L. Rock, it is hoped that it will be a successful undertaking.

Chess Club

The cold winter evenings are again drawing nigh and the chances for the students to join the Chess Club are at hand. Several applications have been handed in but have not yet been acted upon, due to a number of things which must be attended to first. It seems as though we will have a good many players this year for there is quite a number of enthusiasts. Some of the students have even gone so far as to ignore checkers in preference to chess.

A new member, Louis Izgur proved to be quite an addition to the Chess Club. With the present members of the order it is expected that a good many wintry evenings will be spent cheerfully.

Juniors

Aside from the number of studies taken up by the Junior Class a new addition to the list has been made. American Literature

has been scheduled and the class seems to be delighted over it. Elocution will also be taken up and a certain number of representatives from the class will be required to deliver their parts in the Chapel just before services which is held every Saturday afternoon.

Freshmen

The Freshmen Class have already organized with Ben. Kline as President, Shansky, Secretary and Treasurer, Shomer Historian. As a class it must be said that they are very enthusiastic about the game of football. They have already made several challenges to some of the upper class teams which will no doubt be acted upon in a very short time.

Farm Department

A great part of the time, during the last month, in the Farm Department, was devoted to cutting corn. Then for four days we were busily engaged in filling both silos. This year we were rather backward in our work due to the three weeks that were spent on building a new silo. The new barn is now completed and proved to be quite an addition to the school. It will help to increase our herd of cows by accommodating some of the young stock which now occupy a place in the old barn.

Horticultural Department

A portion of the greenhouse is now being prepared to force vegetables through the winter. Owing to the good crop of tomatoes that was raised last year, Mr. Halligan, Professor of Horticulture, thought it advisable to grow the same thing again this winter. The carnations that occupy the benches in the Theresa Loeb House are doing very well and a large number of blossoms is expected.

General Department

Recently a meeting of the Board of Directors was held during which many important topics were discussed. One of the most important was that of the uniform question. They approved of having every student of the Farm School wear his uniform in case he is not at work. This means when he goes to Philadelphia or any other city to have a good time he is to attire in these clothes or else stand the consequences. This is a good idea and will represent the school much more than it did in former times.



EXCHANGES



M. GREEN, '07, EDITOR.

At last the exchanges have made their appearance on our table. Although they are coming very slowly, we extend our hearty congratulation upon their appearance and we greet them cheerfully just the same. On the other hand, we hope that in the future the exchanges will make their way on our table more frequently.

It is now the duty of the editor of this department to begin the work that he was assigned to fulfill: To offer just criticism on the many exchanges.

We are very much pleased to notice the marked improvements of the exchanges, which so far have honored us with their first appearance; over last year.

We express our gratitude to the *Mirror* (Central High School, Philadelphia) which has remembered us for the first time in years for the September issue; the exchange column is excellent, the cover is suitable. There is, we notice, a little lack of material in the literary part. Taking the paper as a whole it is a very good one.

The *College Signal* from Amherst, Mass., and the *Students' Herald* (Kans. Agr. College) are as usual on our table, and appear to be always good college papers.

The October issue of the *Red and Black* from Philadelphia contains very well written stories, *e. g.*, the "Blue Flame." We would like to see the cover of the next issue a little improved.

Our old exchange the *Archive* has appeared in a very attractive cover.

The *Review*, published by the Y. M. H. A., from Philadelphia, made its debut on our table. Judging by the first issue the paper is promising much interest. We send our best wishes and prophesy a great success in the future.

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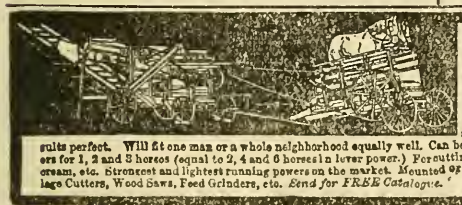
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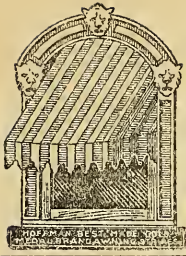
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